3.36

BREAKING BAD

"I.F.T"

Episode #303

TEASER

MACRO-CLOSE - A CIGAR

A quality Cuban. Torpedo shaped, with a deep brown wrapper. We're focused on the freshly-cut end of it.

We hear a button CLICK! -- the sound of a butane TORCH LIGHTER being triggered...

PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF! -- a thin BLUE FLAME jets into frame. It's luminescent and beautiful in the dim surroundings.

The flame doesn't touch the cigar (the guy working the lighter knows what he's doing) -- the point of it stops a centimeter or so from the cigar end, which is angled downward some forty degrees.

We hold on the pretty flame. Watch, as it BENDS slightly, sucked into the cigar end as the smoker draws air though it.

The tobacco ignites, starts to GLOW. The cigar TURNS (spun in the smoker's fingers) so the wrapper burns evenly around its circumference, casting a line of gray ash as it recedes.

Thick, white SMOKE billows and floats lazily across the frame. It's oddly calming. A contrast for what's to come...

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

REVEAL TORTUGA -- cartel henchman-turned-DEA-snitch from Episode 207 -- puffing on the cigar as it gets lit. We know we're in flashback because his head is attached. He sits at the thick, wooden bar of a seedy Mexican CANTINA, wearing his *caballero* hat and boots. A barkeep (BETO, male, younger than Tortuga) stands behind the bar holding the lighter.

We are at a dark watering hole in a one-horse border-town in rural Juarez -- a place where *campesinos*, town drunks, and unemployed youths come to escape the blistering heat and self medicate themselves into oblivion. No *chicas* in this joint.

Dingy, rustic, with Spanish-style Western character (arches and stucco walls would be great). Lines of liquor bottles behind the bar (maybe shelved in front of plate mirrors) reflect dim overhead lights and a few neon *cervezas* signs. A back KITCHEN (or pantry) abuts the main barroom, separated by a swinging door.

TWO work-weary LABORERS (character faces: more rural Mayan than bullet-headed toughs) drink *cervezas* at the bar a few seats down from Tortuga.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIVE or SIX other PATRONS sit at roughly-hewn wood tables, staring with disinterest at a *futbol* match playing on an older model TV over the bar. Just killing time. A lot, judging from the clutter of empty long-necks lined up like casualties on the tables.

Beto finishes lighting Tortuga's cigar. Slides him a beer. Then pours him a brimming tumbler of tequila. Tortuga downs it in one throw-back. TAP-TAPS! his glass hard on the bar. [*All dialogue in Teaser is in SPANISH, subtitled in English.*]

TORTUGA
More.

Whoa. Beto's served Tortuga a few times prior, and he's got a strong hunch Tortuga is *el cartel*. Thus, his banter is amiable with no mind to affront. That said, Tortuga's got a treacherous, make-or-break deal going down in a couple of hours; he's even surlier than usual.

BETO
(friendly, just kidding)
Careful, señor. Hot day like today, too much oil in the machine can cause it to blow a gasket.

TORTUGA
(beat, scoffs)
There are two kinds of men in the world. Those who drink, and those who pour.
(stares coldly)
Shut up and fill my glass.

Uh-oh. A dead silence cuts across the bar. The laborers shift nervously on their stools, sensing trouble. Beto refills the tumbler with a shaky hand.

Tortuga fishes for a GOLD MONEY CLIP with a THICK wad of pesos and dollars. As he plucks out bills to pay for his drinks, the laborers can't help but glance at his copious cash. Tortuga notices their envy. Indeed, he relishes it.

TORTUGA
Hey, you two.
(off patrons: us? gulp!)
Yeah, you. My Mayan brothers. You know, I used to be just like you? Good, honest *campesinos*. Worked dirt for the man til my hands bled.
(snorts, waves bankroll)
The way you just looked at me...
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

TORTUGA (CONT'D)
I had that same stupid look on my mug whenever I saw a rich man flash his bank. No more. Wanna know why?

No. They really don't. But God forbid they show disrespect. They swallow nervously. Timidly nod their heads.

PATRON #1
Si, señor.

Tortuga makes them wait for it, while he gulps down his second tequila. *Ahhh!* Grits his teeth against the burn.

TORTUGA
I learned that a man can never drink his fill by waiting in line for the tap.

Tortuga raises his beer. The laborers share a confused look, before lifting their own in response. As Tortuga tilts the bottle...

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)
Bravo, Tortuga.

All other heads TURN toward a MEXICAN MAN, who stands in bright sunlight streaming through the now open barroom door *(if there are plate mirrors behind the bar, maybe we do a cool mirror reveal for this)*.

This is JUAN BOLSA, avuncular, a little paunchy, in his late 50s or 60s. Wearing loose, tropical cotton garments, perhaps a Panama hat, he may have been a Mexico city bureaucrat before he turned a dark corner. From a more refined social stratum than gruff Tortuga, or so he prefers to convey. A cartel underboss, Bolsa is higher up in our fictional cartel than Tortuga, but not one of the controlling capos. He doesn't look particularly threatening.

Tortuga turns, surprised to see his boss.

TORTUGA
Heyy, howya doin', boss!?

Tortuga stands, shakes Bolsa's outstretched hand.

BOLSA
Good to see you, my friend. You know, I never pegged you for such a deep thinker.

Tortuga shrugs it off -- *ah, it's nothing.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TORTUGA
I got a lot of thoughts about a lot of things, boss. There's no time or place for them all.

Bolsa slides into a bar stool. Tortuga follows his boss' cue, his cocky air now replaced by respectful deference. Tortuga motions to Beto who pours them both tequilas.

TORTUGA
So, what brings you way out here to this burro's asshole of a town?

BOLSA
I knew I would find you here.

Tortuga's eyes widen a notch. Bolsa checks his watch.

BOLSA
Don't you have a shipment to deliver in a couple of hours? Cutting it close, aren't you?

TORTUGA
Ahhh, lots of time. Tortuga may be slow out the gate, but he always--

BOLSA
(overlapping him)
--finishes first. Yes, I know, just like your namesake. I like the way you talk, Tortuga.

TORTUGA
Yeah?

BOLSA
Yeah. You've got such a way with words. They just roll off your tongue. I like that about you.

Bosla raises his glass in toast. Tortuga CLINKS it. They throw back. Bolsa shoots Tortuga a look of apology.

BOLSA
I missed your birthday last month.
(off Tortuga, so what?)
No, I feel terrible. So bad I came all the way here... to this 'burro's asshole'... to bring you my present.

CONTINUED: (4)

TORTUGA
Present? Ahh, come on, boss. No need to go through the trouble.

BOLSA
Forget it, I wanted to. I have it for you in the kitchen.

Bolsa nods toward the kitchen. Tortuga peers over. The door is shut. Looks quiet. Foreboding. Like a good place for an ambush. Tortuga doesn't like the smell of this. Not at all.

TORTUGA
Back there?

BOLSA
Yes. Come. Follow me.

Bolsa stands, motions for Tortuga as he paces toward the kitchen. Tortuga hesitates. Oh, shit! If he splits now, Bolsa will know for certain he's got something to hide (i.e., he's a snitch) and then he's a goner for sure. Reluctantly, he rises, follows Bolsa through the swinging door, into...

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A grimy, unkempt kitchen. Tortuga, expecting to be jumped, cautiously files in behind Bolsa. To his relief, however, he finds the kitchen totally empty -- PHEW! -- except for...

A very large, familiar TORTOISE crawling across the floor. It was a present after all! Tortuga explodes in a burst of relieved laughter. *AH-HA-HA-HA-HA!...*

TORTUGA
It's perfect!

BOLSA
You really like it?

TORTUGA
I love it! What a great pet it will make. Thank you, boss!

BOLSA
Excellent. Let me sign it for you.

Bolsa picks up a small CAN of WHITE PAINT and a PAINTBRUSH from a nearby counter. Squats, begins to paint some letters with the brush across the animal's shell. Bolsa's back shields Tortuga's (and our) view of what he's spelling out...

CONTINUED:

BOLSA
Sign it 'for the big talker'.

Huh? Bolsa finishes painting. He stands and steps aside, REVEALING...

"H-O-L-A D-E-A". Tortuga freezes. Oh, FUCK! -- HE KNOWS!! [*Note: This lettering should match what we saw in Episode 207 exactly, as we realize what we're witnessing is the run-up to a scene we've previously seen*].

The door to the kitchen SWINGS OPEN. In file THE COUSINS!

They pace toward Tortuga, eyes on their quarry. One Cousin grabs a large BUTCHER'S KNIFE from the counter.

ON TORTUGA, paralyzed with fear at the sight of these weird, silent killers, approaching like terrifying forces of Nature. Or, more precisely, of Death.

His hands shaking, Tortuga fumbles under his shirt for his gun. But it's too late. Before he can get a handle on his weapon, the Cousins grab his arms (Juan Bolsa merely watches). Tortuga writhes and struggles to free himself.

TORTUGA
No..! No..!

But it's no use. They hold him down. Wrench his head back by the hair, exposing his neck like a lamb at the slaughter.

As the knife-wielding Cousin presses the blade to Tortuga's throat, arm cocked and ready to saw off his head, we cut to:

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

AH-AH-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Tortuga's ear-piercing scream shatters the silence.

The bar patrons lower their heads in terror. Like docile, beaten-down mules, too scared even to move. Their wide, vacant eyes glued to their drinks.

Tortuga's scream reaches an almost inhuman pitch, before it's truncated by an odd gurgling sound, and then STOPS.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

TIGHT ON a dried up PIZZA. Half out of its box and smeared on the roof. This is the pizza Walt hurled at the end of Episode 302. If we look carefully, we might see way in the b.g. MIKE'S BROWN CHRYSLER parked down the street.

A LADDER swings into frame -- CLUNK! -- slams against the edge of the roof. A pair of bright-yellow RUBBER-GLOVED HANDS (first one, then the other) grabs onto the top rung...

WALT'S head pokes up into frame. His eyes shift to and fro, assessing the mess. Shakes his head -- *what the hell was I thinking?* He fishes into his back pocket, pulls out a scrunched up plastic TRASH BAG. Flaps it around, airing it open. Peels the pizza off the roof, shoves it into the bag.

He takes a damp CLOTH from his other back pocket, scrubs the cheesy residue off the shingles. As he stops to pluck off a PEPPERONI slice that has petrified to the roof, we cut to:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - STREET - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

MIKE, in his car, spies Walt, while he talks into his CELL PHONE to Gus's minion, Victor (whom we do not see or hear).

MIKE
(into phone while spying)
Yeah, he's breathin', alright. By the looks of him, he's got no idea how close he came.
(beat)
I'm assuming Saul Goodman doesn't need to know.
(beat)
Mum, it is.

Mike hangs up. Starts the car, pulls away from the curb. Makes a U-turn to avoid passing by the White house. As Mike's sedan drives off, we:

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SKYLER'S JEEP - DRIVING - DAY

SKYLER drives, while baby HOLLY sits quietly in the car seat behind her. She sings along to the mind-numbing BABY MUSIC playing on the car stereo (though she's not into it):

CONTINUED:

SKYLER
The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round...

As Skyler nears the White house, she fumes at the sight of Walt's Aztek parked in the driveway. *What?! He's back..?!*

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skyler shuts off the music. Pulls into the driveway behind the Aztek (but leaves the engine idling). Rifles through her BABY-BAG for her cell phone and dials Walt:

SKYLER
Walt? Are you in the house?

SKYLER'S POV: A hand pulls the curtain of the front window aside, revealing Walt's face. Cell phone to his ear, he speaks to Skyler as he peers at her through the window.

WALT
(filtered, almost chipper)
Oh, hi. Yep... it's me. I'm back.

SKYLER
(beat, vexed)
No, you're not, Walt. Get out of the house.

WALT
(calm, simply explaining)
It's my house, too, Skyler. I'm staying. For good.

SKYLER
We had an agreement.

WALT
I didn't agree to anything.
(beat)
Look, come on inside. We'll talk this through.

SKLYER
--No. There's nothing to talk about. I'm not coming in until you get... OUT.

WALT
(long beat, shrugs)
Suit yourself.

CONTINUED:

Walt vanishes back behind the curtain. Skyler, bewildered, hangs up. Stares in disbelief out the windshield at the Aztek. *Last night was frisbee pizza, now breaking and entering?* Her anger mounts, until she's nearly trembling.

Then, little Holly, cueing off her mom's anxiety, starts to stir and fuss -- *weh-weh!...weh!* -- in back. Skyler glances over her shoulder. Ugh! Not going to win this standoff with a restless baby in the car. In utter frustration, she shuts off the car. As she shoves the door open, we cut to:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Skyler barges through the front door, holding the car seat with Holly strapped in. She spots Walt at the dining room table, casually grading exams as if nothing is awry.

She sets the car seat down on the living room floor (Holly is awake but, of course, now quiet). Storms toward Walt.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walt looks up, sees her charging. Puts his pen down, sits up straight, and waits with his hands clasped on the table. Like Lord Nelson under fire, a picture of calm.

SKYLER
What is wrong with you?! You're trespassing! How did you even... I changed the locks!

WALT
(beat, calmly explaining)
Skyler, I have every right to be here.

SKYLER
No, you do not. You don't live here any more. We are getting a divorce.

WALT
I don't agree to a divorce.

SKYLER
It's not up to you!
(beat, "ok, that's it")
If you don't get out right now, I will call the police and I will tell them everything.
(a beat)
I mean it, Walt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long beat. Walt shrugs. Nods toward the phone.

WALT
Go ahead. There's the phone.

Skyler cocks her head. *Oh, you think I'm kidding?* She grabs a phone book off the counter, rapidly fans through the pages until she finds the number for the police. Snatches up the phone and dials. Eyes fixed on Walt, she waits for the call to go through. Then, with demonstrative aplomb, flips the receiver around and holds it out, ear piece towards Walt...

SKYLER
(don't fuck with me)
It's ringing.

But Walt is serious, too. He'll either live in this house, or go to prison. There is no third way. Through the out-turned receiver, we faintly can hear the operator answer.

APD OPERATOR
(filtered)
Albuquerque police department.

Beat. Skyler huffs. Rights the receiver and talks into it:

SKYLER
I want to report a disturbance, please.
(beat)
No, it's not... not exactly a... It's a domestic issue.
(beat, then to Walt)
They're connecting me. Right hand to God, I will tell them.

WALT
(total resignation)
Do what you have to do, Skyler. This family is everything to me. Without it I got nothing to lose.

Walt's total lack of fear in the face of her threat, his Buddha-like acceptance of whatever may happen, only stokes her anger. Is he not taking her seriously?

SKYLER
Fine.
(beat, into receiver)
Yes, officer. My name is Skyler White. I need police assistance at my home right away.
(beat)
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKYLER (CONT'D)
My soon to be ex-husband broke into my house. I-I need an officer to come and remove him.
(beat)
It's Thirty-Eight Twenty-Eight Negra Arroyo Lane.
(longer beat)
Okay... okay. Thank you.

Skyler hangs up. Finger raised, lays down the law.

SKYLER
They're coming. If you do not get out of here right now, you are going to jail. And it's all gonna be on you.

Beat. Walt goes back to grading his papers. Skyler continues to stare at him. *Who is this man? Has he lost all fear for the law?* Square-jawed and determined to find out, she turns and... and now what..?

Arms crossed, Skyler wanders into the living room, sits down on the couch, and... she waits. *Ugh!* Stewing in excruciating silence.

ANGLE ON the LIVING ROOM CLOCK. Seconds slowly *tick-tick-ticking* away "High-Noon" style, as Skyler's moment of truth -- when she makes good on her threat to tell the police on Walt or not -- gets closer. And closer. And closer. A grueling, nerve-wracking, tediously slow burn...

Finally, we hear O.S. the sound of an APPROACHING CAR! Skyler leaps up off the couch. Nearly runs to the front door... But right before she gets there, it SWINGS OPEN...

An upbeat WALTER, JR. clunks in. Just in time for the fireworks. *Perfect!* Skyler frowns. She's not mad at her son -- but he's the last complication she wants to deal with right now. In contrast, Walter, Jr. (having seen the Aztek outside) is upbeat, thrilled by the prospect of seeing his father, whom he spots across the room. Upbeat:

WALTER JR.
Dad's here.

SKYLER
Why are you home so early?

WALTER, JR.
I'm not.

Skyler glances at the clock -- *terrific.* Walt emerges from the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALT
Hey, son.

WALTER, JR.
(eyes light up)
Dad, you're back..! For good?

Walt shrugs -- *let's hope so.*

WALT
(evading)
Hey, I'm starving. You want a grilled cheese?

WALTER, JR.
Ah... sure. I guess.

Walt crosses to the kitchen. On the way, he asks Skyler...

WALT
Want one, too?

Skyler glowers in reply. She turns to Walter, Jr.

SKYLER
Walter, your father and I have something to discuss. It's private.
(beat, *do as I say*)
I'll bring your sandwich to your room when it's ready.

WALTER, JR.
Mom, I haven't seen Dad in, like... <u>forever</u>.

Walter, Jr. turns his back on her, heads to the kitchen.

SKYLER
<u>Walter</u>..?

Walter, Jr.'s fed up being kept in the dark. And he's genuinely glad to see his dad. In his teenager's mind, how could this <u>not</u> be a step in the right direction, even if mom's not yet on board? Off Skyler's isolation:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE ON a PIECE OF TOASTED BREAD, with greasy melting cheese on top, frying in a PAN. We watch as another piece of toast is laid DOWN on top of it, then pressed with a spatula. Cheese goops out the sides and sizzles.

CONTINUED:

PULL BACK to reveal Walt, standing over the stove, working the spatula. Walter, Jr. leans against the counter nearby.

As father and son chat, Skyler (visible in the b.g.) paces in front of the living room window. Baby Holly is asleep near her, now in a bassinet. Though Walter, Jr.'s arrival is highly unfortunate, she hasn't lost her resolve. But man, those cops are taking their sweet time!

WALTER, JR.
You gonna be at work tomorrow?

WALT
That's the plan.

WALTER, JR.
Good. Cause everyone's saying that sub they got for you really sucks.

WALT
Everyone, wow. Well, don't believe everything you hear. But... it's good to be missed.

Finally, we hear O.S., DING-DONG! In the b.g., anxious Skyler rushes toward the door.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Skyler opens to reveal two APD PATROLMEN, a SENIOR OFFICER (40s, male) and a ROOKIE OFFICER (younger, male or female).

SENIOR OFFICER
Hello, ma'am. Are you the one who called the police?

SKYLER
Yes, that was me.

Just then, Walter, Jr. walks into the foyer area behind Skyler. A look of shock comes over him.

WALTER, JR.
You called the cops on Dad? What the hell's WRONG with you?!

OFF Skyler, mortified, we...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Skyler stands with the Senior Officer. Per police protocol, the cops have separated the spouses. We can see in the b.g. Walt being questioned by the Rookie Officer in the dining room. Walter Jr. sits on a bar stool on the dining room side of the breakfast bar -- confused, silent, scared.

Skyler is nervous, even more anxious now that Walt has called her bluff and she is being put to the task. The Senior Officer, on the other hand, has responded to dozens of domestic calls in his career, and he's got certain preliminary questions he must ask as a matter of procedure. He jots down occasional notes on a pad.

SKYLER
I-I came home from work and he was back. Just moved back in. I asked him to leave, but he won't listen. I, ah... I just want him out. I want him out of the house.

SENIOR OFFICER
(polite)
Okay, Mrs. White. There's a couple questions I need to ask you right off the bat. It's very important that you answer them honestly.
(beat)
Did he strike you?

SKYLER
No.

SENIOR OFFICER
Has he ever hit you?

SKYLER
(frustration mounting)
No. This is not about violence. This is about trespassing. About him being here against my will.

The cop has heard "no violence" before, only to be called back later when the wife is beaten to a pulp. He turns, checks to make sure Walt's not eyeballing her into silence from afar. But Walt appears to be cooperating, fully engaged with the rookie cop. Does not even appear agitated at all.

SENIOR OFFICER
Okay. Trespassing. You're divorced, then?

CONTINUED:

SKYLER
No, working on it. Right now, we're separated.

SENIOR OFFICER
(*I can work with that*)
Legally separated.

As he starts to make a note in his pad...

SKYLER
Well... there's no court order, if that's what you mean. But we've been living apart for-for... almost two weeks. Give or take.

The cop looks up from his pad. So much for cut and dry.

SKYLER
Look, I changed the locks. Isn't that breaking and entering?

SENIOR OFFICER
Whose name is on the title to the house?

SKYLER
Both of us are. It's, ah, jointly owned.

SENIOR OFFICER
We can't arrest a man for breaking into his own house. Not without an order from the court requiring him to stay away from the premises.
(beat, tries again)
Unless he's threatened you or the kids in any way?

SKYLER
(frustrated, but can't pull the trigger)
No. Not <u>physically</u>. But having him in the house is... it's not... it's just <u>not</u> a good thing.

WEH-WEH-WEEEEEEEAAAAAHHH!! -- baby Holly stops Skyler mid-sentence with a startling, screeching CRY. And <u>what a cry</u>! One of those "my-child-is-possessed-by-a-demon" shrieks of anger and injustice and hunger. Skyler's head swivels toward the sound. The Senior Officer turns, too, as we:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUTTING

SKYLER'S/SENIOR OFFICER'S POV: Walt rushes from the dining room to Holly. Lifts her from the bassinet. Gently bounces her in his arms, soothing her.

WALT
Shhhhhh. It's okay, baby.

Holly's fussiness starts to ease. Walt flashes Skyler a kindly look from the living room - *I got it, no problem.* Walt picks up a half-full bottle of formula from inside the bassinet. He feeds it to Holly while he paces back to the rookie cop (who now stands at the threshold of the living room). Like a perfect, even-tempered, responsible father.

WALT
Sorry about that. Where were we?

ROOKIE OFFICER
(checks notes)
Disagreements.

WALT
Right. Yes, we've been having... a few problems. She's not in the wrong. I've not been the most attentive husband, lately. I've been... a little distant. Cold.

As Walt bores the rookie cop to tears, he doesn't look so unattentive. In fact, as he deftly feeds the baby, Walt appears more like a dutiful (if not whipped) house-husband.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - INTERCUTTING

The Senior Officer turns back to Skyler, now off her game plan, watching Walt feed the baby. Regains her attention:

SENIOR OFFICER
Mrs. White. Would this be easier if we stepped outside for a minute?

SKYLER
Um... no. I'm-I'm fine right here.

To the officer, this call is looking like a nonviolent (albeit heated) marital disagreement, the cops called in to up the ante. It happens. But he's covered too many ill-fated domestics to not be wary. And he senses Skyler is holding something back. He wants to give her every opportunity to say <u>something</u> that might give him authority to kick Walt out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENIOR OFFICER
I'm gonna level with you, Mrs. White. If you want your husband out of the house, you gotta help me out. If he's broken any laws that you know of, anything at all, you should tell me that.
(long beat, encouraging)
Even if you just got a suspicion of some wrongdoing, I'll work it out. I'll get him out of here for you.

And there it is -- the "law" practically begging her to make good on her threat.

Skyler exhales deeply. Digs to regain her mettle, as she locks eyes with Walt across the room. So nauseatingly Gandhi-like and passive. She's sick of his smug manipulations and bullshit, his imprisonment of her. She warned him. *To hell with him!* Skyker looks at the cop in front of her. Then, just as she's about to turn Walt in:

ROOKIE OFFICER
What's your take on all this, young man?

SKYLER'S POV: From across the living room, Skyler glimpses the Rookie Officer now questioning her son.

WALTER, JR.
(distraught)
It's my Mom's fault! She won't say what my dad did because he didn't do anything. She's nuts! My Dad, he's a great guy.

Skyler stops herself. She wants so badly to vindicate herself, scream out the truth. But she just can't do it.

A long beat, as the officer reads her. Finally, he concludes she's got nothing to tell him. Reaches into his pocket for a card.

SENIOR OFFICER
Sorry, ma'am. We have no legal basis to remove your husband from the house.
(hands her the card)
Next time you feel that things are getting out of control, you should call that number. That's the family hotline.

CONTINUED: (2)

The Senior Officer motions across the room for his partner. The Rookie Officer crosses to the front door to meet him. Walt follows to see the police out, while Skyler sits down on the couch, utterly humiliated.

SENIOR OFFICE
Best of luck to you folks.

WALT
Thank you, Officers.

The two cops head out. As soon as they leave, Walter, Jr.'s anger at Skyler explodes:

WALTER, JR.
How could you do that to Dad!

Walter, Jr. storms off toward his room. Walt calls out:

WALT
Son, wait... Don't blame your mother for this.

But it falls on deaf ears. O.S., we hear his bedroom door SLAM shut as he locks himself in. Skyler, seething in her defeat, walks up to Walt. Takes the baby from his arms.

SKYLER
(calm, but venomous)
Welcome home.

She, too, disappears down the hallway. SLAMS the door to her bedroom. Off grim Walt, stewing in his "victory"...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

LOW and WIDE ON JESSE, knees to chest, sitting on the floor. His back is propped against a newly-painted bare wall.

We're in the living room of Jesse's big "new" house. No furniture yet. Nothing but a field of glossy hardwood floor in the f.g., bathed in a pale sunlight slipping through the window. Dwarfed by the wall, Jesse stares introspectively off into the empty space. A lonely tableau.

Several moments pass, before he fishes a cell phone from his pocket. Presses speed dial, puts the receiver to his ear. When the call goes through (we don't hear it), a faint, nostalgic smile creases his face. It's a sweet moment. A fleeting glimpse of the Jesse we knew before the plane crash, the addiction, the loss. What did he just hear?

DING-DONG, the doorbell rings. Jesse hangs up. But he doesn't budge. He's got no desire to see anyone.

DING-DONG, again. Followed by a hard KNOCK-KNOCK! Jesse considers. Whoever it is knows he's inside. He pockets the phone. Rises, paces slowly to the door. Opens, to find...

SAUL, wearing a shit-eating grin. He holds a cheap, pathetic-looking POTTED CACTUS, the kind you get from Ralph's. Jesse is not thrilled to see him (he's been dodging Saul's calls).

SAUL
He lives!
(off deadpan Jesse)
Happy housewarming, kid. Don't look so glad to see me.

Saul hands him the cactus. *Oh, boy.*

JESSE
Cool. Thanks.

Saul waits to be invited inside. Jesse would prefer not to, but Saul <u>did</u> just help him fleece his parents for the crib. Reluctantly, he steps aside. Saul files in, looks around the empty space. Jesse sets the cactus down by the window sill.

SAUL
Interesting decor. Subtle. The whole minimalist thing never blew <u>my</u> hair back, but hey.
(off Jesse)
So. Howya doing? Staying clean?

CONTINUED:

Jesse nods -- *yeah*.

SAUL
Good. I was kinda worried you were back to your old habits, since I didn't hear from you. You got any idea how stupid it is to ignore your counsel's calls?
(beat)
What if I was tryin' to warn you the DEA was about to kick in your door? What then, huh?

JESSE
How's about you spare me the sermon and get to why you're here?

SAUL
(beat, resets)
Fair enough. The other day, when I brought up the idea about you gettin' back in touch with your partner. Well, I kinda wanna re-float that boat.
(beat, Jesse is blank)
Don't get all excited. I'm not suggesting you yourself get back to cooking. You being in rehab and all, that would be... beyond the pale, even for me.
(beat)
I care about you, kid. I only want you to convince the master-chef to do his thing. So... Whaddya say?

Jesse gets it. Unlike Walt, he's not essential to Saul's deal with Gus. In fact, Jesse's irrelevant. For any meth cook with a smidgen of pride, it's a major snub. But Jesse appears not to care. Even gives a half-hearted shrug:

JESSE
Sure, man. Whatever.

Jesse tries to show him to the door. But:

SAUL
Whoa, whoa, hold on. 'Whatever' what? You gonna talk to him?

JESSE
I said, I'll handle it. Now, bounce, will ya, please.

CONTINUED: (2)

Saul reads him. Still skeptical. But for now, he's played his hand. Throws him the Saul finger point.

SAUL
Final thought.
(re: the empty house)
Look at this place. You're house poor, you got no bankroll. You get the maestro cooking again, I can make it worth your while. Call him.

Saul leaves. Alone again, Jesse heads back to his perch at the wall. Sits, tries to clear his mind. But he can't.

He reaches for his cell again. Speed dials. This time, we hear what he was listening to before: JANE'S VOICEMAIL MESSAGE (established in Episode 213):

JANE (RECORDED V.O.)
Hey. If you're trying to sell me something, I've got four little words for you: "Do-Not-Call-List." However, if you're cool, leave it at the beep.

BEEP. He hangs up. Off Jesse's loss:

INT. DEA ABQ - HANK'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a BLUE PUSHPIN, pinched between strong fingers.

We PULL BACK to reveal HANK. He sits at his desk, phone to his ear. He's hoping to find a spot to stick this pin. Laid out before him is the previously established MAP of the Southwest, riddled with blue push-pins marking all the locations where Walt's blue magic has turned up.

But it's been at least a month since any blue meth has been reported. Hank is on the phone with an agent in the field, hoping to hear some good news. But to his disappointment...

HANK
No blue stuff, huh?
(beat, deflated)
Alright. Let me know if you hear of anything.

Hank chucks the pin back in it's plastic box. Just then, ASAC MERKERT pops into Hank's office.

ASAC
Hey, Schrader. Got a minute?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
Yeah, sure, boss. What's up?

The ASAC sits down in front of Hank's desk. He looks proud of himself, exudes a sense of accomplishment.

ASAC
I made a few phone calls, got Dallas and D.C. in the loop. To be frank, I had to pull out a couple of stops for you, Hank.

HANK
Yeah?

ASAC
Bottom line, I just got off the phone with El Paso. They agreed to have you back.

HANK
(beat)
Hey, that's great! Thanks, boss!

ASAC
You deserve it. It's good for your career, good for our department. And I know you'll prove me right, that you're the best man for the job.

HANK
Oh, you can bet on that.

ASAC
(as he gets up)
As soon as you get your house in order, you're good to go. You just let me know when.

HANK
Alright. Will do.

As Hank watches (through the glass) the ASAC cross the bullpen, his excited expression fades to a grim frown. We remember his PTSD. Uh-oh. Off Hank's anxious preoccupation:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BINGO PARLOR - DAY

WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHH!...

We FOLLOW CLOSE ON a RUBBER-TIRED WHEEL, spinning across pavement to the whining drone of an electric motor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDEN to reveal a FEMALE RETIREE (dumpling-shaped, pushing 70, but feisty -- we'll call her "AUNT") zipping across a parking lot in her RASCAL SCOOTER. In the b.g., a BINGO PARLOR (or other place where older folks congregate).

The camera FOLLOWS her as she motors down a row of parked cars to a HANDICAP VAN. She stops, presses some buttons on a REMOTE CONTROL. Unlocking it and LOWERING the WHEELCHAIR LIFT. As she scoots forward onto the lift, we hear the *CLOP-CLOP-CLOP* of approaching boots. The footsteps stop.

ANGLE CLOSE ON two pairs of COWBOY BOOTS, ornamented with... Oh, no... not those menacing silver SKULLS!

Aunt presses a button on the remote. The lift starts to raise her. Sensing a presence behind her back, she cranes her neck over her shoulder as far as she can -- *ehh!-ehh!* But with her older ligaments, she just can't get a good look... until the lift reaches full height and she sees...

The Cousins! (*Note: maybe we place the camera on the wheelchair lift, so it rises into the reveal of The Cousin's faces in Auntie's POV as she looks over her shoulder*). Death's Doppelgangers are a frightening spectacle. But our feisty lady, God bless her, still manages a smile.

AUNT
Hello.

No response. OFF the wide-eyed Aunt, we:

TIMECUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BINGO PARLOR - DAY

A TIGHT shot of the Cousins, now sitting in the front seats of the parked Handi-Van. The Cousin in the driver's seat starts up the vehicle. As the van PULLS AWAY, we cut to:

The REAR END of the Handi-van, with a BUMPER STICKER that reads "ASK ME ABOUT MY CATS." The WHEEL of the scooter, now toppled on its side, spins in the f.g. Poor Auntie.

Off the image of this spinning wheel:

EXT. POULTRY FARM - ESTABLISHING - DAY

LOW ANGLE between two long, weathered SHEDS with corrugated walls and sloping roofs, stretched out before us the length of a football field. A weirdly-muffled, low MURMUR of bird infestation emanates from everywhere and no place in particular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound is creepy, juxtaposed against the institutional-looking barracks-shaped sheds -- like the place is some kind of aviary Auschwitz.

INT. POULTRY FARM (STOCK) - BROILER SHED - DAY

A sea of obese CHICKENS. Tens of thousands of them, packed wing to wing, head to tail, foraging on the ground inside a long BROILER SHED. The bird sound is deafening. They *cluck-cluck* and *peck-peck* at each other in overcrowded agitation, competing for bits of feed buried in the shit and the dirt. *(Note: let's use stock footage, making sure the farm is for broilers -- raised for meat, not eggs -- so the shed interior reflects the proper farming technique, i.e., the birds are fed crowded together on the ground, not kept in stacked cages for egg laying).*

EXT. POULTRY FARM - DAY

WIDE ANGLE to give a view of the whole farm -- some SIX long BROILER SHEDS lined up parallel. This is Gus's industrial chicken farm, a major operation that raises for slaughter some half a million birds at a time.

A dirt road runs alongside the sheds. Between the sheds and the road, there's a MOBILE OFFICE TRAILER, like a foreman would have on a construction site. A small DIRT PARKING LOT is next to the office, with a single American-made SEDAN (Gus's car). Besides Gus's car, no other signs of workers today (perhaps it's a weekend). Beyond the farm, nothing but sun-scorched plains for miles, with train tracks slicing through. We're in the middle of nowhere.

LOW ANGLE on the OFFICE -- from across the dirt road and down a ways. A WHEEL ZIPS through the frame, coughing up dust. As the vehicle distances, we see the rear end of deceased Auntie's Handi-Van (there's that familiar "Ask Me About My Cats" bumper sticker again) heading toward the office.

The Handi-Van pulls into the dirt lot, a comfortable distance from Gus's car. The Cousins climb out. Open the elevator door. Using the Handi-Van lift -- ***WEEEEEHHH!*** -- they lower... you guessed it -- TIO! In his wheelchair.

As our killers finish lowering Tio, they hear the GRUMBLING approach of another car. They turn to the sound and wait:

INT. OFFICE TRAILER - POULTRY FARM - DAY

TIGHT ON a sheet of Saran Wrap -- SCHWEEEK! -- as it's peeled off a snack tray. Carrots, celery, dip, maybe some cut pineapple and melon chunks. Coffee, a pitcher of iced tea.

TILT UP to REVEAL GUS, alone, meticulously laying out this spread for his soon-to-arrive guests. Getting things just so. We're inside the office, which is nothing fancy, just like you would find at a construction site: a standard desk, phones, a bunch of file cabinets, coffee machine and fridge, and a conference table front and center.

The sound of a SLAMMING DOOR grabs Gus's attention. He peers outside through the window at...

GUS's POV THROUGH WINDOW: Juan Bolsa -- the cartel underboss whom we met in the teaser -- walks from his parked AIRPORT RENTAL SEDAN and greets the COUSINS with warm hugs. Then, he leans close to Tio, clasps Tio's bell hand in both of his own. A warm, respectful greeting.

Gus studies his guests at beat. Then, steps to the door:

EXT. TRAILER - PARKING LOT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gus opens the door, stands at the top of the steps. *(Note: This entire scene is in Spanish, subtitled in English.)*

GUS
Gentlemen. Welcome. Thank you for coming.
(beat, as they approach)
How was the crossing -- any difficulty at the border?

BOLSA
(not a problem)
The day I can't get across the border is the day I retire.

Gus gestures for them to come inside the trailer.

GUS
Please, come in. I apologize that it's not wheelchair accessible.

Gus steps back inside to clear the entrance. The Cousins each take a side of Tio's wheelchair and lift. As they carry Tio in his chair up the stairs and into the trailer behind Bolsa, we:

TIME CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE TRAILER - POULTRY FARM - MINUTES LATER

Gus, on one side of the conference table, sits across from Bolsa, Tio, and the Cousins. Four against one.

BOLSA
My apologies, Gustavo. Of course, you should have been advised. It's your territory, you had a right to bless the order.
(beat, probing)
But, we had no reason to believe the man was of concern to you.

Gus nods, acknowledging the respect being shown him by Bolsa. By way of simple answer:

GUS
Indeed, he is.

BOLSA
So, you're in business with this 'Heisenberg.'

GUS
I don't know him by that name, but yes.
(then)
I've made no secret of the fact that I have always done business with certain local manufacturers. You and I, we still make money together. It's never affected our relationship.

We wonder what business Gus is talking about? Walt turned down Gus's offer in Episode 301.

Bolsa glances at Tio and the Cousins, who are getting more and more impatient. Bolsa gives them a subtle nod -- a petition for calm. Then, he begins to speak for them:

BOLSA
Don Salamanca had a nephew named Tuco.

GUS
I knew of him, yes.

BOLSA
Then perhaps you know Don Salamanca mentored him in the business... Thought of Tuco as a son.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

BOLSA (CONT'D)
When Don Salamanca lost his ability to walk, Tuco took over for his uncle. He was a key man in our organization north of the border. He was loyal.
(off Gus)
This 'Heisenberg' -- Walter White -- he was one of Tuco's local suppliers. Until he betrayed Tuco.
(grim beat)
So, now you see... blood must be repaid by blood. Tuco's Cousins here... they have the right to exact vengeance. The Salamanca family, the cartel, everyone stands shoulder to shoulder on this.

DING..! Tio concurs. A somber beat. Canny Gus already knows all of this. However, as always, he keeps what he knows close to the vest. Addressing Tio and the Cousins:

GUS
Don Salamanca, Señors. I feel your loss deeply. Please accept my condolences. I have no issue with your right to vengeance. And I do not stand in the way of justice.
(beat)
But, I am presently engaged in business with this man. When our business is done, he will no longer be of any concern to me.
(beat)
Until then, I need him alive.

DING!-DING!-DING!-DING..! Livid Tio frantically rings his bell and grinds his jaw -- *wrong answer!* The Cousins stare coldly at Gus, who doesn't flinch. Bolsa calms Tio down. Motions to Gus -- *outside* -- then turns to his compadres:

BOLSA
Excuse us.

Bolsa gets up. He and Gus file out the door, leaving Tio and the Cousins to stew inside.

EXT. TRAILER - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bolsa and Gus exit the trailer and climb down the steps, Gus closing the door behind them. They stand and talk privately.

CONTINUED:

BOLSA
I don't tell you how to fry your chickens, Gustavo. You should really leave matters of my organization's politics to me.

Not meant as an insult. Bolsa says this somewhat casually -- but the seriousness, the warning here, is clear.

GUS
Do I not run my own territory?

BOLSA
Of course you do. And I will advise them to be patient. But I recommend you finish your business with the man quickly. Or you risk losing the good graces of the cartel. That would be unwise.
(off Gus)
And those boys inside -- I cannot guarantee that they will listen. They are... not like you and I. For them, this is a holy mission... for Santa Muerte. And they tell me she must be appeased.

As Gus considers this, he looks up at the trailer window and sees...

...The Cousins, staring at him through the window, as coldly as Death. Off this foreboding portrait...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NURSERY - NIGHT

OVERHEAD ANGLE on Walt, as he tosses and turns on an AIR MATTRESS on the floor. Wide awake in his new makeshift sleeping quarters, unable to get comfortable.

A POLICE SIREN sounds in the far distance. Not startling. Just a subtle reminder of the constant threat of Skyler, or anyone, disclosing Walt's secrets. Off Walt, wide-eyed and restless:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CLOUD OF SMOKE wafts lazily through the air.

WIDEN to REVEAL Skyler, sitting in a chair she's pulled to an OPEN WINDOW, pensively smoking a cigarette. Her feet propped up on the sill. A picture of melancholy. This completes the picture of the new "normal" in the White house: two sad, discontent people living separately under the same roof.

Holly, in a bassinet across the room (a "safe" distance from the smoke), starts to cry. Skyler snuffs out her cigarette. Pads over to the crib, holds the crying child to her chest.

After a few beats, Walt calls out from the hallway:

WALT (O.S.)
Skyler..? Want some help?

Skyler ignores him.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

Walt, now standing in the hallway. He tries to turn the knob. It's locked. He continues to wait until the baby quiets down. Then, in a pleading (slightly pathetic) voice:

WALT
Skyler, can I use the bathroom?

Again, no answer. Walt crinkles his nose, catching a whiff of something. Smoke?! Not only has Walt lost master bathroom rights, Skyler is smoking in there with the baby?! Man, does this piss him off. Walt turns, tries Walter, Jr.'s bedroom (where the other bathroom is). Also locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dammit! Walt scowls. Stomps down the hallway...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Walt stops in front of the kitchen sink. Removes a pile of dirty dishes, rises up on his toes and...

He lets out a long-awaited, spiteful stream of PEE right into the sink. Ah, yessss! -- the new "normal" at the White house. Off Walt, breaking bad into the sink:

INT. LUXURY REHAB - THE ONION - DAY

Jesse sits in a circle of TEN OTHERS in his now familiar group therapy session. [*Note: let's use mostly the same actors as in Episode 301.*] Only he's in street clothes now that he's an "outpatient." Though the GROUP LEADER (same guy as in Episode 301) rants with conviction, Jesse appears bored. We get the feeling he's coming here only by routine.

GROUP LEADER
We can't live our lives trying to make amends for what we did while we were using. That's just another way of dwelling on the past. The past is filled with guilt, and guilt makes us use again.
(beat)
Forget redemption. It's bullshit. If it happens it happens. We just gotta get on with our lives. Every day's a blank slate. A rebirth. We can always be reborn.

A few "yeahs" and "right ons" from the programmers. But not Jesse. The Group Leader notices his silence.

GROUP LEADER
Hey, Jesse.
(startled, looks up)
What's up with you, man?

JESSE
Takin' it all in, is all.

GROUP LEADER
No, man -- how're things going on the outside?

JESSE
(shrugs)
Everything's good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROUP LEADER
Everything's good... and?

A beat. Jesse, reluctantly, finally relents.

JESSE
Gotta new place. All moved in.
(searching)
Dropped in on my folks. That went, I dunno, kinda... alright, in a way. You know, somethin' I had to do.
(beat, earnest)
Thing is, I don't really know what to do with my time, man. I mean, I know I gotta get a job, make some green. But I don't wanna go work at some store, sell some shit I don't care about, like bagels or lattés or deliver pizzas, or whatever.
(beat)
I know I gotta do something. 'Idle hands' and all that. It's just, I can't think of nothin' that grabs me, is all.

GROUP LEADER
(beat, considers)
You're soul searchin', man. It's serious business. But it's to be expected. Remember, you're starting over from scratch.

JESSE
(beat, yeah)
Blank slate.

GROUP LEADER
That's right. Just like it's not good to dwell on the past, we can't obsess about what's coming tomorrow or the day after. Take it day by day, minute by minute. That's what it means to live in the "now."
(beat)
If we do that, life's gotta way of giving us a sign what path to take. Just keep an open mind, a sharp eye out for the little details. It'll come to you. Sure as the future.

Off Jesse, taking in this advice...

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT on baby HOLLY, quietly sucking on a pacifier, as she's rocked in her mobile CAR SEAT on the floor.

REVEAL Skyler, sitting across from PAMELA ORBIC. Skyler reaches down beside her, rocks the car seat by it's carry-handle. Demoralized, she unburdens to Pamela:

SKYLER
He moved back in.

PAMELA
What do you mean? How, exactly?

SKYLER
He just walked back in and unpacked his bags. He won't leave. He doesn't want a divorce, won't even consider it.
(overwhelmed)
I called the police on him. God, I was so close...

Skyler trails off. A beat. Huh?

PAMELA
So close to what?

SKYLER
(beat)
Nothing. Never mind.

Pamela studies Skyler. Intuits there's more to the story.

PAMELA
Skyler, I can't advise you properly if you don't tell me all the facts.

Skyler sighs. She's never told a soul about what Walt has done, not even Marie. But after what happened yesterday, she needs to unburden to somebody. She'd never admit it, but this is perhaps the reason she is here.

PAMELA
Understand, I'm bound by the attorney-client privilege to keep everything you tell me a secret. I can't tell a soul unless you authorize me to.

SKYLER
(beat)
Even if it's something illegal?

CONTINUED:

PAMELA
Especially if it's illegal. I'm your lawyer, not the police. My job is to protect you.

SKYLER
(long beat, then, finally)
My husband makes meth.
(needing to elaborate)
Methamphetamine.

Wow! Pamela's heard some wild things in her practice, and she's very professional about how she handles this news. But underneath her poker-faced veneer, she's pretty shocked.

PAMELA
(re-stating the fact)
Your husband's a drug dealer.

SKYLER
(uncomfortable)
A manufacturer, technically. They, ah, call them 'cooks.' I looked it up on the internet.

Pamela raises a brow at her. Then sits back, in deep concentration. Perhaps Skyler hoped for more sympathy, an *"Oh, my God, you poor thing."* But sober professional advice is all she's going to get from this lady. After a long beat:

PAMELA
This is my advice and you should take it.
(beat)
Sue your husband for divorce immediately. Let me go to the police and tell them what you just told me. I'll go in ex parte and get a restraining order from the court today. If he comes anywhere near you and your kids, he'll go straight to jail. No questions asked.
(off Skyler's nerves)
Once the police are on his case, he'll have no grounds for custody, or any visitation. In fact, he won't be able to contest anything you're asking for.

A beat. Damn! Skyler could really fuck him over.

CONTINUED: (2)

PAMELA
This is a no-brainer. It's the best thing for you and your family.

Skyler turns her gaze out the window. Softly:

SKYLER
I can't. I can't do it.

PAMELA
Why not? Are you afraid of him? Are you scared for your children?

SKYLER
No. Walt would never lift a finger to hurt me or the kids. That I know with all my heart.
(off Pamela)
I don't want my son to find out his father is a criminal. I just... I can't do that to him.

PAMELA
You sure he doesn't already suspect it?
(off Skyler, absolutely)
Kids are resilient, maybe more than you think.

SKYLER
This is different. He's a fifteen year old boy. Can you imagine the humiliation, to learn that your father -- the one man you look up to the most -- is a complete fraud.
(beat)
He betrayed us. Made idiots of us.

PAMELA
You can't let your sense of shame for not knowing the truth dictate this decision.

SKYLER
I-I dunno, Pamela, you won't have to hear people whispering behind your back -- 'oh, there's the meth cook's ignoramus wife.' 'The poor handicapped boy whose father -- celebrity cancer saint and pillar of the community -- was mixing up crank right under his clueless, incompetent mother's nose.'
(and another thing)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKYLER (CONT'D)
Not to mention my brother-in-law... who is a DEA agent.

PAMELA
(sympathy)
Jesus.

SKYLER
How's Walt's secret meth life going to make him look to his boss? For all I know, he could be fired.
(beat, overwhelmed)
God, I... I'm sorry, I... I just feel so... so trapped.

An emotional beat, as Pamela lets Skyler gather herself.

PAMELA
You have to do what's best for you and your kids. And that does not entail living with a meth cook.

SKYLER
You're right, it doesn't. But Walt... he's got lung cancer. His treatment bought him some time. But the doctors... they all say his cancer is probably going to come back, sooner or later.
(beat, almost ashamed to say it)
I-I don't know what the future holds in store. But... I can't see why I should lay all of this on my family... when things may resolve themselves soon enough on their own without anyone else needing to know?

Pamela is not unsympathetic. She understands why Skyler wants to keep quiet about Walt's crimes, even though she doesn't agree it's the right, or the smartest, path. In any event, it appears her client has made up her mind. For now.

PAMELA
Well. I still stand by my advice. I guess you just aren't ready for it.

Quite true. Off Skyler's sober acknowledgment:

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

Hank and Gomez sit at a table in a rathole of a bar. Dark, seedy -- a pit stop for the freshly sprung from Los Cruces hard up to score some crank and wet their tip in one of the resident bag-whores. If there's blue meth anywhere in Duke City, it's gonna be here.

Two METH-SKELLS (wiry and tough-looking) drink jet fuel a few tables over. Other DEGENERATES scattered about the place. A couple TOUGH HOMBRES shoot cue in the back, squabbling indecipherably.

Though Hank and Gomez are in plainclothes, their clean-cut appearance screams out "cop." Or "chump." Either way, they're unwelcome. Rude glances flash their way.

It's lunchtime, but most people wouldn't deign to eat here. Goopy, diarrhea-colored nachos are set out at the table before them. Gomez scrutinizes them with disgust.

GOMEZ
What're we doing in this shithole, anyway?

HANK
Just relax.

GOMEZ
Relax? This is a good place to get knifed. We should've gone to Chili's, man.

HANK
(scanning the bar)
We ate there three times last week. What's wrong with spicin' things up a little.

GOMEZ
(re: the brown nachos)
This spice looks like it's run through a coupla guys before us.

A few beats pass, while Hank gives the "once-over" to the tough-looking Meth Skells. Doesn't like the looks of them.

GOMEZ
So, when ya headin' back down to El Paso, anyway?

CONTINUED:

HANK
Ah, you know. Between all the packing, errands, getting the ducks in a row... maybe a week or two.

GOMEZ
Week or two? Come on, man. I'd be dying to get back to the action. You gonna clean that place up good.

This ruffles Hank's feathers. A hot-button topic.

HANK
Yeah, well, it's not like there's nothing goin' on up here.

GOMEZ
What're you talking about? Ain't jack going on up here.

Hank scoffs. Gomez studies him -- *what's wrong with you?*

HANK
I'm hittin' the head.

He crosses to the bathroom, leaving Gomez to wonder at his reaction. On the way, Hank takes a good long look at the two nearby Meth Skells.

HANK'S POV: One of them hands the other one something in a closed fist. Could be money for drinks, could be drugs. They catch Hank staring at them. Sneer -- *what the fuck you looking at?* Hanks glares back, but keeps his bearings.

INT. SEEDY BAR - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hank finishes up at the urinal, walks over to the sink. He stews a moment in front of the mirror. Even lowlife pipeheads are showing him no respect. *Motherfuckers.*

His agitation builds, his breath quickening. *Oh, no, not this again!* Leaning over the sink, he splashes water on his face. Struggles to control his breathing. *Hold it together, Hank... Atta boy, hold it together.* His anxiety starts to subside. Phew! Close call. He regains his composure. Splashes water on his face. Then he heads back out.

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hank sits back down next to Gomez, who is nursing his soda and itching to go. The unpaid BILL is on the table. Hank shoots another look at the Meth Skells. Can't let it alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
Those two goons over there. I think they're holdin'.

GOMEZ
(yeah, so?)
Shit, man. In this place, the bartender's probably holdin'.

Hank looks at him -- *you with me or what*? Gomez is skeptical, but he's always got Hank's back. Reluctantly:

GOMEZ
Alright.

He pulls out his cellphone. Starts to dial.

HANK
Whoa, whoa, what're you doing?

GOMEZ
Callin' APD. Whaddya think?

HANK
What the hell you doin' that for? We can handle a couple dirtballs.

GOMEZ
I ain't sayin' we can't handle it. But if we roust 'em without runnin' it by the locals, ASAC'll be all up in our asses.
(off Hank's frown)
Come on, man. Courtesy call. What if vice is runnin' some kinda undercover op we don't know about.

Hank is pissed. But Gomez has got a good point.

HANK
Screw it. Your turn to pay. Meet you in the car.

Hank shuttles out of the bar, leaving Gomez to pay up.

EXT. SEEDY BAR - STREET - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hank sits behind the wheel of his JEEP COMMANDER, the bar visible in the b.g. He can't stop seething over the two thugs inside. He starts to get hit with another wave of anxiety. Only this time, it's <u>stronger</u>. He sucks wind. His blood boils over, until, finally -- ***<u>Fuck</u>*** ***<u>This</u>***..!

CONTINUED:

And now he does something strange. Disregarding all rules of peace officer protocol (and common sense), Hank...

...unfastens his holster. He stashes his sidearm under the driver's seat. Jumps down out of the Commander, heads back toward the bar. Crosses Gomez coming out.

GOMEZ
Where ya going? I just paid up.

HANK
Gotta take another leak.

GOMEZ
Jesus, get yourself some Flomax.

Gomez watches Hank disappear into the bar. He shrugs. Climbs into the passenger seat and waits...

INT. SEEDY BAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hank cuts across the bar with a vengeance. The two Meth Skells spy him coming. *What the..?* He steps right up to them. Wide-eyed, fists balled low at his sides. A tense beat as they stare from their seats.

SKELL #1
You gotta problem with us... bitch?

HANK
(beat)
Stand up.

The Meth Skells rise. Glare right in Hank's face. For several long moments, they stand like a triad of trees, elbows flared, wooden and mute. Until, finally...

HANK
Your move.

A short beat. Then, suddenly, Skell #1 tries to steal a punch, and it's on! *(We're in close, at odd angles, so we feel we're immersed in the brutality.)* Hank ducks it, comes back with a hard right -- AHH! -- into Skell #1's kidneys. Skell #1 staggers, clutching his side in pain, as...

Skell #2 swings at Hank from the blind. Hank dodges and deflects, locks the Skell's arm. Wrenches it, spins him into a wall. But now Skell #1, back in the mix, lands an uppercut to Hank's body. UGH! Not good. Hank stumbles, cringing.

And here comes Skell #2 again -- swinging a BEER BOTTLE down like a mallet at Hank's head.

CONTINUED:

Hank dips low and blocks the makeshift cudgel with his forearm. Lurches and swings his fist, almost from the floor, low and hard -- OOOOFFF! -- doubling him like a bag of rice.

Hank grabs the back of Skell #2's head two-handed, pulls down while driving up with his knee -- WHAMM!! -- into Skell #2's face. Skell #2 hits the floor hard, rolling half-conscious.

Skell #1, frantic at the fate of his compadre, scans for weaponry. Grabs the back of a chair. But as he turns to swing it -- SNAPP! -- Hank fouls him up with a palm strike to the chin. Skell #1 reels back. Hank seizes him by the neck, spins and body SLAMS him into a table, breaking its legs and collapsing it to the floor. Hank riding down on top of him.

Not yet depleted of fight, Skell #1 reaches up double claw-handed, tries to pry out Hank's eyeballs with his thumbs. Hank lets loose an animal growl, grips Skell #1's hair in both hands. Hammers the man's head into the floor, over and over again, until he is duly pacified.

Kneeling over him, Hank cocks a fist in rage, about to do grave damage to the now defenseless man. But then <u>stops</u> himself.

He falls back on his knees, clutching the limp head trophy-like by its hair, blood tricking down from its scalp and dripping from one ear. Stares at it, eyes crazed with adrenalin. Then, as if aghast at his own doing, shrinks back and lets the head flop to the floor with a PLUNK.

Hank stands, breathing hard. Pulls cuffs from his pocket...

HANK
D-E-A. Don't move.

Yeah. Now he says it. He starts to cuff the two skells, groaning and face down on the floor. Looks up and sees the bartender watching, open-mawed and speechless.

HANK
Go on out, tell my partner to get his ass in here.

A beat. The bartender slowly backpeddles a few steps. Before he turns and rushes outside. Off Hank, struggling to bridle his PTSD-fueled fear and rage...

<u>END ACT THREE</u>

ACT FOUR

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

OVERHEAD ANGLE on Jesse, prone in his SLEEPING BAG on the floor. Like Walt, not getting much shut-eye these days.

Restless, he reaches beside him for his cell phone. Presses speed dial. He's been doing this a lot lately. This time, however, before the message finishes...

JANE (RECORDED V.O.)
Hey. If you're trying to sell me something, I've got four little words for you: Do-Not-Call...

The message CUTS OFF. Weird. Jesse waits a couple beats. Presses speed dial again. This time he gets that familiar three-tone sequence, followed by the operator recording:

OPERATOR (RECORDED V.O.)
The number you have reached: One-Four-Nine, Four-Nine-Eight-Five, in area code Five-Zero-Five, is no longer in service. If you feel you've reached this recording in error...

Jesse hangs up. A look of sadness overcomes him, as he realizes this last reminder of Jane's voice is now gone.

But then, his expression grows pensive. Was it just coincidence that he happened to be calling right when the message got disconnected? Or is this one of those signs the rehab leader was talking about? Off Jesse, thoughtful, we:

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT/DAY - TIME LAPSE

TIME LAPSE the exterior of Jesse's house, from night to the following morning.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Walter, Jr., walks down the hallway, dressed for school. He glances briefly at the closed door of the master bedroom -- where Skyler has been holed up since last night. Considers it a beat, then continues toward...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walter, Jr. stops at the threshold of the dining room, where Walt is cleaning up dirty breakfast dishes. Though father and son have already eaten, Skyler's place setting is still laid out and clean (Walt leaves it there, just in case she wants to eat).

WALTER, JR.
I don't think she's coming out.

WALT
(beat, searching)
She will. She's just, you know, going through a rough patch. We are, all of us. Obviously.
(nods, willing it so)
Everything will be back to normal. Just... give it some time.

Serious denial. Walter, Jr. gives him a dubious look. To Walt's relief, a car HONK-HONKS outside.

WALTER, JR.
I gotta go.

WALT
See you at school.

Walter, Jr., heads to the front door. Walt, wheels spinning, watches him exit. As the front door shuts...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Skyler, dressed for work, sits on the edge of the bed, holding Holly. She hears the car door shut outside. Waits for the sound of the motor as the car pulls away.

Thinking Walt has just left, she straps the baby in the car seat. Exits into the hallway, ready to leave for work:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Skyler walks down the hall holding the car seat. She sees something odd in front of her, and stops in her tracks.

Placed on the floor at the juncture of the living room, where she can't miss it on her way to the front door, there is a familiar, large DUFFEL BAG. It is unzipped, but from that distance, we can't quite make out what's inside.

CONTINUED:

Until Skyler takes a few steps closer... and we see that it's BRIMMING WITH CASH!

Skyler's jaw drops. Before her, more cash than she's ever seen in her life -- more than she ever imagined Walt had made cooking meth. Though her expression is not one of greed or lust, she is astounded.

WALT
Skyler...

She looks over to Walt, who stands nearby in the living room. Gauging her every reaction. Partly because she's entranced by the sight of so much cash -- but also because she now needs to hear how her once humble schoolteacher husband can lay claim to so much money -- she slowly steps over to the breakfast bar and takes a seat on the nearest stool. Her body language is clear. She is ready to listen.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Walt doesn't come too close to her, afraid it might unsettle her and cause her to leave. Keeping his distance, he leans against the back of the armchair in the living room (the money framed between them in the b.g.). When he begins to speak, he's not the resigned Walt of yesterday. This Walt is impassioned, sincere. Yet also nervous, for he knows that this is his one chance to make his case.

WALT
I did a terrible thing. An illegal thing. No one knows that better than I do. But I did it for a good reason. I did it for us.
(re: the money)
That right there... that's not about money for my medical expenses. I grant you, I could've taken Gretchen's handout to cover that. No. This is so much bigger than that. It always was.
(beat)
I earned that money, not for myself. But to pay college tuitions for Walter, Jr., and for Holly seventeen years down the road. For health insurance for you and the kids.
(beat)
It's for Walter, Jr.'s physical therapy, his SAT tutor. Money for groceries, and for gas, and for graduation parties.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALT (CONT'D)
For Holly's day care while you go to work. Her braces when she's older.
(beat)
Skyler, that money is for this roof over your head -- the mortgage that you're not going to be able to afford on a part time bookkeeper's salary when I'm gone.

SKYLER
Walt...

He holds up his hand -- please let me finish.

WALT
I did not steal this money, it doesn't belong to anyone, I earned it. What I've done to earn it, the things I've had to do -- I've got to live with them. And I alone will die with them. No one else.
(chokes back emotion)
I don't even expect you to love me anymore... But, Skyler, all that I've done, the sacrifices that I've made for this family, it's all for nothing if you don't accept what I've earned. Please. I'm not asking you to do it for me. But take the money for our kids.

A emotional beat. For the first time, Skyler truly grasps that Walt's love for his family, his paternal desire to provide for kin, is what drove him to break the law.

And there's that great big gym bag of American Dream, just sitting there. Somebody's going to take it. Why shouldn't it be her kids? Have not the scions of the nation's myriad robber barons and rum runners and corporate criminals enjoyed fruits of their fathers' illegalities in sums far greater?

Walt sees his words have hit home. But also he knows that his wife's pride alone would preclude an immediate answer.

WALT
I'll be here when you come home from work. You can give me your answer then.

Off Skyler, a small but distinct crack in her armor:

INT. DEA ABQ - BULLPEN - DAY

Hank stands and fixes coffee at the beverage table. This, as he steals worried glances of Gomez through the glass of the ASAC's office. Inside, Gomez is giving his report of Hank's "bust" of the two meth skells. On the bullpen floor, some FIFTEEN or so DEA AGENTS go about their business.

A DEA AGENT happens to cross by Hank, catching him off guard:

DEA AGENT
Nice bust, man. Rock'n'roll.

HANK
Ah, thanks. Just caught an eight-ball. No big deal.

Hank resumes to stir and spy, until Gomez finishes. As Gomez exits the office, we overhear the ASAC through the open door:

ASAC
Ask Schrader to step in, please.

Hank eyes Gomez -- *get over here.* Gomez approaches, stands next to him at the coffee machine. As both men stand side by side, neither one looking at the other, Gomez speaks quietly:

GOMEZ
We were hanging back. Saw a deal go down. I stepped outside to call it in. You stayed to keep an eye on the suspects. That's when they attacked you.

A beat. Hank nods, relieved. Then, before he can turn away, Gomez inches his face closer. Looks him hard in the eyes. Says with bridled anger, but in a cold, calm voice:

GOMEZ
What I didn't tell him was that you left your gun under the seat before you went back inside.

Off Hank, knowing that Gomez knows he's not playing with a full deck:

INT. BENEKE FABRICATORS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

CA-WEESH!..CA-WEESH!..CA-WEESH!..CA-WEESH!...

CLOSE ON the STROBING LIGHT of a COPY MACHINE as it zips back and forth across the copy machine glass.

CONTINUED:

We PULL BACK to reveal Skyler, running off copies of balance sheets. She is deep in thought. Trapped. Miserable.

TED BENEKE enters the break room, on his way toward the coffee machines. As he rushes by her:

TED
Hey, Sky.

Skyler doesn't reply. Ted (thinking nothing of it) reaches the counter, starts to fix his coffee. Skyler looks over at him. Stares at his back (which is turned to her) while the stack of copies keeps running through the machine.

Then, as if without realizing it, she finds herself moving toward him....

She stops close behind Ted. He doesn't know she's there until she reaches out, touches his back. He turns, surprised. Reads her eyes. As she slowly... gently... leans closer... and then kisses him.

WOW! They linger a beat, lips just inches apart. Then separate further. Both a little bewildered.

Just then, a FEMALE CO-WORKER comes in and approaches the fridge. Like teenagers caught kissing on the couch, they quickly quail away from each other, while the co-worker grabs a lunch bag and drink. She leaves, without noticing a thing.

They share an anxious look -- *close call!* Which turns a bit impish, as each finds humor in the other's embarrassment. This, too, fades, into an awkward silence. Then:

SKYLER
Are your kids home?

DOUBLE WOW! Ted shakes his head -- *nope.*

Off Skyler and Ted, about to take an extra-long lunch, and an irrevocable plunge:

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

WIDE on a grand, desert vista -- stark sun, sand, and big blue sky. Our RV, miniscule against this vast landscape, casts a plume of dust as it rambles into frame.

INT. RV - AFTERNOON - LATER

Jesse, alone, stands before the cookware, all in order on the work-bench. Chemicals are lined up, ready to go. He wears his cooking outfit.

After a long, thoughtful (yet determined) beat, he grabs his mask from the workbench, pulls it over head and into place. Then, he steps to the alter, and commences to cook. So, that's what the signs told him to do.

Off Jesse, living proof that idle hands are the devil's playthings, we:

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Skyler, in her Jeep, pulls into the driveway behind Walt's Aztek. *(NOTE: Louis' car is parked on the street, where Skyler won't necessarily notice it.)*

She sits behind the wheel (Holly is in the car seat behind her). She stares blankly at the Aztek, thinking.

Is she feeling guilty about her indiscretion with Ted earlier in the day? Happy? Confused? Or relieved, perhaps, that she's at least emotionally escaped the captivity of her unbearable marriage?

Or is she pondering her response to Walt's pitch earlier that morning that she accept his ill-gotten gains for the family? That she accept him?

Finally, she climbs out of the car...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The front door opens. Skyler enters the house with Holly in her car seat. She is surprised to see LOUIS watching TV with Walter, Jr. The boys look up (Walter Jr. is silent).

LOUIS
Hey, Mrs. White.

SKYLER
Hey, Louis.

LOUIS
Thanks for inviting me over for dinner.

CONTINUED:

Huh? That's annoying. The last thing Skyler wants right now is a visitor. But not wanting to be rude:

SKYLER
Sure.

Just then, Walt, wearing his apron, pops his head out from the kitchen.

WALT
Oh, hey, Skyler. I'm, ah, cooking dinner. Pot roast. Could ya...

He signals her -- *come here*. Skyler pauses, sets down the baby in the car seat, then slowly approaches.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

She finds Walt, in perfect dad mode, chopping up vegetables for a salad. He's chipper. Hopeful that things are about to take a favorable turn for him in the domestic battlefield. He mixes the salad as he speaks, keeping his voice low, so the boys can't hear him from the living room over the TV:

WALT
How was your day?

SKYLER
(beat)
Good.

WALT
(studies her)
Good. Excellent.
(resumes mixing)
I hope you don't mind. I invited Louis to stay for dinner. You know, to thank him for driving Walter, Jr. to school.
(stops mixing)
We've been kind of... absent. And Louis has really pitched in.

Skyler looks at him. Reads (correctly) the absurd timing of Walt's dinner invitation to Louis as yet another manipulation -- an effort to keep Skyler from skipping out on dinner and retreating into her bedroom (as has been her habit the past few days) to avoid his burning question about the money.

Sure enough, as the boys watch TV in the living room, Walt motions for Skyler to come closer.

CONTINUED:

WALT
I just want to say, I feel good about our talk this morning. I'm eager to know what you're thinking, you know, about... what we talked about.
(off Skyler)
When you're ready. Of course.

Finished with the salad, Walt picks up the bowl to bring it into the dining room. Almost as an afterthought, he turns to her. Looks her in the eyes.

WALT
Honesty is good. Don't you think?

A beat. Skyler meets his gaze, squarely. She nods. And then...

SKYLER
I fucked Ted.

A beat, as the words sink in and Walt turns to stone. Skyler pulls the salad bowl from Walt's hands. Calls out to the boys as she crosses toward the dining room...

SKYLER
Boys..? Dinner!

Off Walt, stunned, just standing there, as his world falls down upon his head...

END EPISODE